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NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1880. Being a grandfather, with four or five grandchildren who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the Hercules Cement to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste.

WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES. Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Bookellers, 408 Arch Street.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.

518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, November 30, 1880.

We have sold the Hercules Cement for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.

J. T. STONE, Manager.

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1880.

We have tested the Hercules Cement, and for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without clamping or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels.

A. P. OLD.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1880.

My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of Hercules Cement. I have found it particularly useful for attaching rubber to wood, for the purpose of printing on blocks, and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps.

James P. Bixan, 1825 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1880.

We cheerfully attest to the merit of Hercules Cement. It is exactly what we need,—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not mend. We have given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to Hercules.

SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1880.

Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength—a paragon in usefulness.

A. C. GAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1880.

Gentlemen.—I enclose the Hercules Cement in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.

E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan'y 21, 1881.

Your Hercules Cement needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.

THOMAS W. STUCKY, 57 North Seventh Street.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1881.

Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your neat specimen of the sticking qualities of your Hercules, I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, which I have received and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.

DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7th, 1881.

I am using the Hercules Cement for fastening Glass in Bronzed and Nickel-plated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others.

THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,

Wholesale Agents

NO. 19 BOND STREET,

(near Broadway.)

New York.

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GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S

SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a year, and who invests less than \$300 of it in this list, will find it a very profitable investment.

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.

IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.

IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE, it is a sure indication of the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single State ranges from \$2 to \$50. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is \$625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are \$2,980.14. The list includes 952 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of list and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881.

NUMBER 25.

POETRY.

AT THREESCORE AND TEN.

No; I can't do it, father; there's no use talking to me; I'd rather live our own plain way and stay just where we be. For I love the dear old place too well to want to leave it now. And I know, altho' we're growing old, we'll weather it thro' somehow. Yes; I know we talked some different when we were young and strong; And trying our best to work and help the children all along. We toiled and toiled and saved, you know, and did our very best, And didn't dream we'd tire of us 'fore we was laid at rest. And now they've gone and left us, and took 'bout all we had; And sometimes when I think of it, it does seem most too bad. And then, again, I thank the Lord, whatever else lies we done, They've left the old house standing, and this is all our own. Folks often say, "Why don't you go and kind-or visit round?" And stay a spell with Martha and with John, who lives in town? I should think your children, all of them, would like it now right well. If you'd sell out the old brown house and stay with them a spell.

Yes, stay a spell; an, they don't know that that's John's where it hurts. They've left the old house standing, and this is all our own. Folks often say, "Why don't you go and kind-or visit round?" And stay a spell with Martha and with John, who lives in town? I should think your children, all of them, would like it now right well. If you'd sell out the old brown house and stay with them a spell.

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cloud like a torn bale of cotton. There'll be a thunder-squall here in less than an hour; and these thunder giants are not pleasant to meet in the air. If only that crowd of people would stop gazing at us, or if an air-current would carry us off a dozen or fifteen miles, I for one, should be most happy to take the ground again.

This was my second ascent with "Professor Lumoille," as he was then known to the public; and though not a professional aeronaut, it was my business—I was then on the staff of a *New York Journal*—to specially report this balloon ascent.

I may now add, too, without detriment to my friend or his business that "Prof Lumoille," thus advertised, was in reality a sharp Connecticut young man of twenty-five, who had taken to ballooning on his own account, and was driving a flourishing business, making public ascents at Fourth of July celebrations and county fairs, etc., and receiving sometimes as high as \$300 per trip.

To me, however, the professor was simply Ned Brown. Young Brown was, however, an enthusiast in his business; and he always gave the public its money's worth.

We had ascended from Rockwood that day on the occasion of a grand political "rally" and mass meeting. The balloon ascent, as will be guessed, was a "feature" devised to draw people out. Ned had in his pocket a check for two hundred dollars from a prominent politician.

For nearly an hour there seemed not a breath of air. There we hung as if sound asleep in mid-heavens. Yet still in the northwest the white thunder-caps pushed their snowy heads higher and higher. I wrote several pages of my press letter, while Ned remained silent.

Still soared those fleecy masses of vapor in the distance; and soon underneath them, dark, watery-looking volumes began to heave up. Anon, there was a low, far-off growl. A vast, black shadow, miles away, was stealing along the sunlit earth, steadily nearing us. It seemed to devour the golden landscape. The spectacle was grand, almost awfully so; and now a well-nigh continuous rumble added to its impressiveness.

"It's coming rapidly!" said I putting up my notes. "Oh, yes, it's coming," said my friend, coolly. "Can we rise above it?" I asked. "Yes—if you will kindly jump out and lighten us, otherwise not. You see, I cannot spare the little ballast I have left."

"Thank you," said I, but I prefer to stay with you. But why not descend?" "And catch a ducking, and get my balloon burst—if nothing worse! No; I have calculated the chances. We will run before the storm."

"But this doesn't look much like running," I said. "We are not moving a hair's breadth." "Wait a bit. There will be wind enough, I promise you, within five minutes," observed my comrade. "You see," he continued, "every shower has its own wind, and it always leads the thunder clouds at a distance perhaps three or four miles ahead. When that catches us, I will send in advance of the rain, I think."

Just then the gigantic shadow swept across the sun; and at the same moment a great cold wave seemed to break against us. The balloon rocked like a boat at sea.

One after another the vast aerial billows struck us. We bobbed up and down on them like a cork. A moment or two later, the fresh, damp current caught us on its mighty wing. The Carrier Pigeon ducked her lofty head to leeward, then slowly gathering headway, sailed majestically off before the shower.

"See!" exclaimed Ned. "My theory holds." For an hour we sped on thus. I have no words with which to portray the impression of grandeur that our flight in the teeth, as it were, of the shower gave me. Before us, the wide, warm, sunlit country; behind the black-piled, thunderous masses, riven by vivid, gleaming lines of lightning, and ever echoing the deep solemn roar of rain and hail! Seemingly, it was always about to overwhelm us, yet drew no nearer, for we were flying on at thirty or forty miles an hour.

At length the shower spent itself. The flashings and the loud rattling ceased for a time, and the black wall of clouds broke up in mist. It was getting towards sunset.

"It will soon be roosting time," Ned remarked. "Now hunt for a soft spot," and unyining the valve-line, he gave a steady pull at it. Instantly the whistle of the escaping gas sounded the first warning notes of the most trying and perilous ordeal of an aeronaut's life—a descent. For the first time that afternoon, a look of gravity overspread Ned's face.

"It is easy going up and sailing af-

ter you are up," he used to say, "its this getting down that tells the story. It is a curious sensation, this going down; you feel yourself too light—sinking—as if a floor beneath was falling. Still borne along by the air current the balloon sagged slowly toward the earth, as if strung on a long descending gey; or rather I should say, the earth with all its array of orchards, farms and fields rose steadily to meet us.

We were now not more than eight or ten hundred feet from the ground, tending slowly downward, when suddenly we seemed to strike into a fresh, quick wind, which whisked us along with it. So sharply did it strike us that the basket lurched and swung.

"The ground current!" muttered Ned. "I was afraid of it. Generally, after a shower, there's a fresh breeze along the ground."

We instantly let go the valve line, to close the throttle, and threw out the little ballast we had left; but it was too late. We have let out too much gas to rise but a brief distance. The great silken gulden above us, wrinking with a deafening noise, like the rattling of sheet iron, swayed and shook, and then tended still lower.

"A hard lighting this time, old fellow!" exclaimed Ned. "Is your neck insured?" "Four thousand dollars on it, my boy!" said I. "Policy runs to my dear old mother."

"All right, then. Hang hard! I'm going to throw out the grapnel," and my comrade tossed out the first of the two anchors. The two hundred feet of line went whizzing off the reel. Still the anchor did not touch the earth, but swung clear, and went dangleing over roofs and tree tops as we flew along with the speed of a railway train.

In the early twilight, we would see horses and cattle galloping away from before us. Here and there, a man or a child stood staring, amazed, upward. Shouts rose on all sides. At least, we were making a sensation, but our attention was riveted to the anchor.

The first thing it touched was a tall elm tree. It swung through the top, making the leaves fly, but did not catch. A little further on lay a large village. In a moment we were flying over it.

Our grapnel hook rattled on several roofs; then dangleing for some distance above the main street, caught the suspended rope of a large campaign flag, which we hauled after us for a mile or more! A tremendous hoarrr! rose in the rear.

Scarcely had we got rid of this political emblem when we hooked a high well sweep. That gave us a terrible jerk, but the line parted, and there we left our first anchor.

Ned instantly cast overboard the second, which brushed through the tops of an orchard of apple trees, and ripped up the eaves of a barn in much less time than it takes me to tell it.

A moment after, it tore one of the top rails from a fence, and caught in a pile of apple tree brush, a snarl of which we dragged after us across several fields and pastures till we struck a road which chanced to run in our course. For some distance we trailed that mass of brush along the road.

Just then I saw on the road ahead a load of wheat piled on a rack cart, drawn by a yoke of oxen. "Turn out! turn out!" we both yelled at once.

"Go, Back!" shouted the man driving. But before he could turn half round we were overhead. A young fellow on the load gave a yell and a leap off at the same moment—none too soon, either, for we took the rail off the rack on the high side, and left the apple-tree brush on the load.

"By jingo!" I heard the fellow sing out, "ole Spirit huf hisself's out a f-thing to-night! D'yee see his big hook?" But "dad" was screaming, "whoa-bish! whoa-bish!" trying to stop the oxen. The cattle, frightened half to death, were trying to run away despite the whacks the old man dealt them with the pitchfork. We could but look back as we flew on, to see the result of the mischief we had unavoidably caused.

A minute after, our basket almost grazed a ledge of rock on the crest of a hill, and lo, right down in front of us lay a great pond. In the dim light, it looked like a sea! A fog hung over it.

"That's fatal for us I'm afraid!" cried Ned. "We shall be down into it. I can't even see the other side!" We were not half a mile off from it. Black and cheerless enough the water looked. Ned gave one glance and decided what to do. "Good-by, Frank!" he exclaimed. "Stick to the basket. I'll drop off and take my chance. Then the balloon will rise, and you will cross the pond." Before I could even speak he swung out of the car

and went down the anchor line, hand over hand. The rapid motion whirled him round and round. The grapnel itself was trailing and bouncing along the ground. We were close to the water before Ned was half way down the long line.

"Drop!" I screamed, "or you'll be drowned!" He looked downward, but even then it was too late. The line switched him violently through some willow tops, and the balloon sailed out over the water.

A man of less nerve would have assuredly have lost his presence of mind and fallen into the lake, for, of course, no one could hold on to a small line like that for many minutes—switched and jerked about as that was.

For my own part, a shudder of horror went through me. Then calling out to hold on, I began to haul him up with might and main as rapidly as I could. To my surprise, Ned called out to me to "hold on!"—to "stop!"

Glancing down, I saw that he was still cautiously descending, hand over hand. There was less wind, and the balloon was running slower.

"Ned! Ned!" I shouted. "Are you crazy?" Are you going to drown yourself? You never can swim ashore with your boots on!" "But already his feet were spattering in the water; a moment more he was waist-deep—borne along like a huge-bob. For some distance he was carried on thus—and then I began to divine his motive.

We were slowing up. Ned's weight, dragged in the water, had still more checked our headway, and the water, partly supporting him, prevented the balloon from sinking lower.

The pond was not so wide as we had feared. Immediately I saw that we were close to a wooded shore. The wind had died away, almost, and so well checked was the balloon's speed that, directly Ned's feet touched the shore, with a dexterous turn of the line round a stump, he brought it to a stand-still. I had then only to let out the rest of the gas; and thus our voyage ended.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Dark Day. Hetty Lockwood sat at the open window—a big basket of undarned stockings by her side, a copy of the *Ladies' Magazine* on the table close by, while within reach a bright butterfly hovered about a newly opened honeysuckle growing against the window. The spring breeze breathed balmily into the apartment, filling her senses with a delicious dreaminess, and her eyes wistfully wandered out beyond the shaded village street to the green fields and budding willows bordering the sparkling river. On a morning such as this, who could endure to stay in doors? Who could endure to sit quietly down and darn stockings?

A girlish voice awoke Hetty. Looking from the window, she saw Susie Lake leaning on the front garden gate.

"Oh, Hetty, do come and walk with me down to Aunt Ellen's. The morning is lovely and I have something to tell you."

"I am afraid I can't, Susie. It is Saturday you know, and I am sewing and watching baby asleep, while mother is in the kitchen."

"Then I will have to tell you now, I suppose." She came closer under the window, and said, with a mischievous smile: "Whom do you think I saw just now, Hetty?"

"I don't know who. The new minister?" "No, indeed; somebody very different from that fat, red faced old codger," returned Susie, irreverently. "Oh, Susie, but who is it?"

"Now, it was Mr. Walter Hayes. Now, ain't you surprised?" A vivid blush dyed Hetty's fair face. She made no reply, and Susie continued:

"His employer, Mr. Mitchell, sent him on business from Philadelphia to C—, and as this wasn't much out of the way of his home, they gave him leave to stop for a day or two, so he told me when I met him just now. He arrived only an hour ago, in the stage from Cox's Station, and that is how I came to see him before you did Hetty," she added laughingly.

She passed on, leaving Hetty with flushed cheeks and brightened eyes. No wonder. For more than a year past the thought of Walter Hayes had been the brightest spot of her life. One year ago he had stood at that same little green garden gate, in the moonlight, bidding her good-bye before going away to the great city to seek his fortune. She remembered the warm, lingering clasp of his hand, and how he had said to her, in a voice that was low and trembling: "You must not forget me, Hetty."

I shall always think of you, Hetty, and when I come back—"

And just then her mother had come on the porch and called her in out of the damp air, and so he had left her reluctantly. But now he had come back and she would see him to-day.

"I do declare, Hetty," exclaimed her mother, bustling into the room, flushed from her pre-baking, you are the laziest girl I ever saw. Here you've been upwards of an hour darning one pair of stockings! What have you been about? Dreaming away your time as usual, and with all the children's Sunday clothes to look over and lay for to-morrow, besides the Saturday's chores?"

Hetty penitently resumed her work; but she was very glad when towards sunset it was all done, and she had leisure to run up to her own little room, and never in her life had she taken such pains with her appearance as now.

How anxiously she listened for the expected ring at the front door. How tumultuously her heart beat when at length it came, and how heavy it sank when old Deacon Brown stalked in to discuss some church matters with her father. Then she began to look at the clock, and her heart grew fainter as she saw it traveling slowly round to eight o'clock. In Riverside they kept early hours, and when at a quarter of nine, Deacon Brown took leave, Hetty arose, and lighting her bedroom candle went slowly and sadly upstairs.

When next morning, she came down, her mother remarked, as she brushed herself about the breakfast table: "Hetty, Walter Hayes was here last night."

"Oh, mother!" There was something almost pathetic in look and tone, but Mrs. Lockwood was too busy with the steaming coffee pot to perceive it.

"He came in just as you were going up stairs," she continued. "He asked for you, but it was so late I thought it hardly worth while to call you back again. He had been seeing Miss Mitchell home to her aunt's—thas Philadelphia girl, you know, and I did not know, until he mentioned it, that she was a niece of his employer, Mr. Mitchell. He is certainly improved. To my mind there is nothing like city life for giving people what they call style now. Make Eddie's milk toast whilst I pour out the coffee."

"I think," observed Mr. Lockwood, as he took his place at the table and cut into the corned beef, "I think I heard Harry Tunstall say yesterday that young Hayes was paying attention to Miss Mitchell. She's a handsome girl, and her father's got money. If Walter marries her he will do well—don't bolt your food like that, sir, cut it properly before eating."

Hetty turned suddenly sick at heart. She said nothing, but she could not swallow her breakfast, and her mother presently remarked on her pale looks:

"Don't you feel well, child? I noticed that you were fidgety last night. You're feverish, no doubt, with the spring weather."

Hetty was glad that her mother permitted her to go to her room and lie down. There was never a fire in her room, but she drew the bed clothes over her head and wished she could thus shut herself out from the whole world. She felt forlorn and miserable. All her sweet foolish dream of love had been rudely stricken at a blow. Walter had ceased to care for her. He had been won from her by that handsome, stylish girl from Philadelphia; and Hetty did her face in her pillow and almost wished that she could die.

Her mother sent for her to come down to dinner. There was no use, she said, in staying upstairs in the cold, and the child would be better by the fire, with some nice, warm soup. In there all the afternoon Hetty sat, while her father and the boys went to church and her mother read "Baxter's Rise and Progress," and sung dismal hymns to the baby.

"Het," said Bill, on his return from church, "I saw your old beau, Mr. Walt. Hayes, at church with Miss Mitchell, and he shook hands with me and asked me how the family was. She's a real swell, I tell you, and if you don't shine up some she'll cut you out."

"William, don't let me hear any more of such slang talk from you," said his mother, reprovingly.

"And Hetty," said her little sister, as she carefully drew off and folded her gloves. "I heard Kate Hayes telling Mrs. Green that Walter and Miss Mitchell were going back to-morrow to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Green said she supposed that was one reason of his coming to Riverside, that he might travel home with her."

Hetty lost all heart and hope at this. She longed for sympathy—to lay her head on her mother's knee and tell her all. But Mrs. Lockwood, though she really loved her children,

was not one of those gentle and sympathetic mothers to whom their children thus turn; and Hetty went again to her lonely room, and wrapping herself in a shawl seated herself at the window and looked listlessly out.

A few people were passing. She hardly noticed them, until she suddenly met a pair of brown eyes; and she drew back with burning cheeks and a beating heart as Walter Hayes passed. How handsome he looked! and as her mother had observed, how improved in appearance. And she—what could he think of her, sitting there pale and forlorn looking, with her hair all disordered about face? He might come this evening, perhaps, and yet she hardly wished it now. It would only be painful to see him. Still, she dressed herself and went down stairs; though her head was throbbing and she felt really ill. And all the evening she waited and watched, and Walter never came, and she knew that he did not care to see her. And so ended the long, dreary day.

Next morning Hetty arose feverish and ill. But she busied herself about the household work; and when her mother, observing only that she was dull and languid, remarked that she needed a walk, and desired her carry a jar of butter to old Mrs. Simpson, made no objection. The day was pleasant, and tying a pink-lined hood about her face, Hetty set off alone on her walk.

It was rather a long distance that she had to go—out of the village and across a field, and then by a lonely pathway lying along the foot of a hill. Mrs. Simpson kept her some time talking, and it was late when the girl set out to return.

Slowly retracing the little pathway, Hetty paused at the stile which led into the open field. It was pleasant there. The sun shed a golden light over the beach bows, and a breath of springtime fragrance floated on the air. Somehow Hetty felt soothed as she stood resting on the stile and looked dreamily at the white clouds overhead.

An approaching footstep startled her. Turning she saw a man's figure coming along the pathway. Her heart gave a great throb, and then seemed to stand still.

He came straight toward her, his hand extended, his lips smiling, his eyes looking straight into her own. "Hetty!"

She looked up at him, half in hope, half in doubt, and the color came and went on her face. "Hetty, I have wanted so much to see you."

She could not mistake the sincerity of his tone or the look of the brown eyes, and she answered, simply and naively: "I thought you had forgotten me."

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# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1881

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Dr. Beet's closing sermon contains many good pieces of advice, given in a clear and simple manner which will make them readily understood by those to whom they are directed. Unfortunately for themselves, there are some who will not feel disposed to heed the counsel given them, but will look upon it as a sort of class-room admonition given in a general way for those who are not so well posted in regard to what is necessary in their intercourse with friends and strangers and in walks of daily life.

We hope these super-intelligent ones will for this time at least, ponder seriously over the contents of the little folio containing the sermon which was given to each pupil.

The graduates especially should treasure up the kindly admonition bestowed upon them. That the days of play are over and that the time for work has arrived, and that the only road to success is through labor. Fine clothes and soft white hands may charm the sight, but the way to secure the respect of others is by being industrious. Life is indeed a mighty struggle. It is business, and as "Bill Nye" sarcastically says: "We can't all be editors, and lounge around all the time, and wear good clothes, and have our names in the papers, and draw a princely salary. Some one must do the work and drudgery of life, or it won't be done."

Doing the "drudgery" of life with a cheerful spirit and a ready hand is the surest stepping-stone to future prosperity, and may we in the future be called upon to chronicle nothing but successes for Fanwood's Class of '81.

Mr. S. Bright Lucas has sent us the First Annual Report of the National Deaf and Dumb Teetotal Society, of London, England, of which he is the President. The Society has a membership roll of one hundred and twenty names. The annual tea-meeting of the Society was held last January in the Memorial Lecture Hall, Buckenham Square, New Kent Road, London. Addresses were made by some of its members, and an account of the proceedings were printed in the *South London Press* and the *Good Templar's Watchword*.

The society is doing a good work, and is an example which could profitably be emulated by the mutes of large cities of the United States.

In another column we print a letter from Mr. Lucas which contains a mention of our absent friend, Mr. Jacques Loew.

Ex-president of the Turtle Creek Institution James H. Logan, has sent us a bound volume of that admirable little magazine, *The Raindrop*, which was discontinued at the end of the first year for lack of support. He also encloses a circular, stating that several hundred copies of Volume I, are as yet undisposed of. New bound volumes will be sent to any address on receipt of \$1 and postage, which is 16 cents extra. Institutions desiring a large number of copies will be supplied with a reduction. All orders and communications should be sent to James H. Logan, Care Joseph Eichbann & Co., 48 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Invitations to the picnic to be held at Put-in-Bay are out. One has been sent to the JOURNAL office, and is neatly printed in blue ink on good paper. On the first page is a request that those attending should proceed to Detroit on Saturday, which would give them an opportunity to

attend the religious services of the Rev. A. W. Mann on Sunday, July 3d. Any information concerning the picnic can be obtained by addressing Geo. E. Morton, 16 Grand River Ave., Detroit, Mich.

## NOTICE.

Deaf-Mutes are invited to attend services in St. Ann's Church, 18th St., near 5th Ave., on Sunday, June 26th, at 2:45 p.m. and also at 7:45 p.m. In the evening, Dr. Gallaudet will interpret Rev. Mr. Krans' sermon.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain will conduct a service for Deaf-Mutes in St. Ann's Church, Harlem, 127th Street, on Sunday, June 26, at 2:30, p.m.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Scarlet fever is raging in Mr. S. J. Vail's family in Indianapolis. Little Helen has it bad.

Alex. Deszendorf has recovered from his illness, and resumed work in the Cracker bakery last week.

Mrs. Frank Keller nee Miss E. Sprague, would like to write to Mrs. Harrison Burt. Will some one please send her address through the JOURNAL.

Miss Mary Reilly, of Newburg, says she would like to hear from her friend, Hannah, of Brooklyn, through the JOURNAL.

A combination of circumstances have compelled Mignon to give up her visit with friends in St. Louis. Quite a disappointment all around.

Rev. Mr. Chittenden, of the Diocese of Ohio, was one of the teachers at the Ohio Institution about twenty-five years ago.

Mr. Ed. J. Scott, foreman of the printing office of the Ohio Institution, is spending a few days with an old friend at Sandusky, Mr. A. B. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blood, of Grand Rapids, Mich., are going to Detroit on the fourth day of next July, and will attend the deaf-mute picnic in Put-in-Bay.

Miss Camilla A. Barnitz, of York, Pa., would like to know Miss Sarah J. McClure's, of Delaware, address. Any one knowing it, will please send it to the JOURNAL.

Mr. Champion L. Doolan and Miss Hattie M. Robinson, both mutes from the Illinois Institution, were made man and wife on the 16th inst. They will make Rockford their home.

Messrs. Lewis and Huster, mutes of Philadelphia, say they will go to Reading, Pa., on the 2d of July next, where they will spend a few days. They want the mutes of Reading to hold a picnic at Reading on the "Fourth of July."

On Saturday evening, June 11th, Rev. Mr. Mann lectured before the Anderson Deaf-Mute Literary Association in one of the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., Cincinnati. Subject: "Heroes of the Truth." On the Sunday following, he officiated as usual at St. John's Church, corner 7th and Plum.

Business of great importance took the Rev. Job Turner from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, Tenn., on the night of the 15th inst., and his object was happily accomplished in the latter city, the next day, which will help his next great mission work very handsomely—more so than before. He returned to Cincinnati on the morning of the 17th.

A correspondent writes: "I notice in your paper, that Mr. Burger, a pupil of the W. Va. School, jumped 17 feet in a running jump, and the *Tablet* wants to know who can beat him. W. A. Nelson, one-mile champion runner of Kendall Green, jumped 18 feet and one inch in a running jump. His height is five feet and five inches, weighs 125 pounds, and will be in his 23d year in a week from to-day."

Rev. Mr. Mann attended for one day, the Sixty-fourth Annual Convention of the Diocese of Ohio, held at Sandusky, June 14th, 15th and 16th, meeting the Bishop and many clerical and Lay friends. From one clergyman from Medina, O., he learned of a dreadful accident which had befallen a mute at York, a few miles distant. His name he could not recall. He was walking on the track of the Cleveland, Tuscarawas Valley and Wheeling R.R. His legs were broken. Both may have to be amputated.

On Friday afternoon, in Trinity Church, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Rev. S. F. Holmes, Rector, Dr. Gallaudet baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Brewer, and the Right Rev. Bishop Potter conferred Miss Schafer and Messrs. Ormsby, Morrhaw, Doenges and Barton, the latter coming from New Rochelle. By these interesting services, much encouragement was given to church work among deaf-mutes.

Mrs. Woods, of Syracuse, N. Y., the mother of Miss F. C. Woods, a young lady member of the High Class, of the New York Institution, is going to Chicago soon. She intends making that place her permanent residence. She called her daughter home Monday afternoon, June 13th, to see her before she goes to Chicago. Miss Woods is to spend her vacation with her aunt in Oswego, N. Y. Her classmates wish her an enjoyable vacation, and hope she will come to school in the fall as happy as a blue Jay.

On Sunday night, the 12th inst., at the Church of the Nativity, Mayville, Ky., was present a large and appreciative congregation that joined Mr. Basil D. Scott, the only attendant in worshipping God during the service which was conducted by the Rev. Job Turner, assisted by the rector, a very nice young gentleman, whose uncle is Bishop Dudley, of the Diocese of Kentucky. The rector and Bishop Dudley can both make signs and spell on their fingers pretty well. On Monday, Mr. Turner started for Chattanooga, Tenn., via Cincinnati, on very important business.

On Sunday afternoon, June 15th, Mr. George W. Schutt delivered a service to the deaf-mutes in St. George's Church in Newburgh, N. Y. Only five mutes attended the service, who were Mr. William Terhush, of Poughkeepsie; Mr. Sam. Johnson and Messrs. L. B. Wilson, of Newburgh, and Charles Edmonston, of Moodna. Mr. and Mrs. Peter W. Edmonston and Miss Riley did not attend on account of business. After service, Mr. George W. Schutt invited Messrs. Terhush and C. D. Edmonston to his sister-in-law's home, where they took supper and had a pleasant time conversing for an hour or so.

A special meeting will be held at the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association, this evening, to discuss matters pertaining to the forthcoming excursion.

Our champion jumper cleared eleven feet and one inch in a standing jump from toe to heel last week, but he is confident of increasing the length with practice.—*Tablet*.

George W. Davis, a deaf-mute, bought a nice picture (with frame) of the American Asylum for Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, Ct., for six dollars and fifty cents, in Boston, Mass.

Twelve deaf-mutes graduate from the Minnesota Institution this year—eight young men and four young women. The class motto is "Fidelity." Olof Hanson delivered the valedictory.

The Empress of Russia is described as looking like a corpse rather than a living being, sitting speechless and unmoved, as though neither seeing or hearing anything. It is nihilist terrors which make poor Dagnar so depressed.

An unusually impressive service was held in the Washington Heights Methodist, Episcopal Church, the Rev. Gideon Draper pastor, Sunday morning, June 12th. Several mutes from the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb were baptized and united with the Church. A delightful word of grace was going on in the hearts of these young men and women. On examination, they gave clear evidence of an intelligent trust in Christ, and a strong desire to unite with his Church. One presented a written confession of faith doctrinally, scripturally and intellectually, eminently creditable. Dr. Peet, the honored Principal of the Institution, interpreted the entire service. The communion was an occasion not soon to be forgotten. Angels in heaven rejoiced over those who cannot hear the human voice, but who, thanks be unto God, can hear the voice of the Divine Spirit.—*New York Christian Advocate*, June 16.

A soldier, wishing to get his discharge, ashamed of deafness so successfully that all the medical men who examined his case were deceived by him. No noise, however sudden or unexpected, had any power to disturb his equanimity; and he had acquired such a perfect control over his nerves that a pistol when fired over his head while he was asleep did not apparently awake him. Grave suspicions as to the genuineness of his malady were entertained, notwithstanding. Like most malingerers, he was a little too clever and complete. Still, it seemed impossible to catch him tripping. A final examination was made; the doctors expressed themselves satisfied, and the soldier was presented with his certificate of discharge. Outside the door he met a comrade who whispered: "Have you got it? Yes, here it is!" was the unguarded reply. But the certificate, though filled in, was not signed, and the malingerer was a sold man.—*Chambers' Journal*.

STICK TO YOUR SITUATION.—The following case came to my notice the other day: Two years ago, a young deaf-mute man was working in a large printing house located in one of our large cities. He was receiving enough. His home was comfortable. All went well with him, and he was contented until one of those hummers came along, who peddle alphabet cards and swindle hotel-keepers. As usual with this class of persons he was full of flattery stories about easy times, good living, and plenty of money. Our young man was quite carried away by these stories. He began to hate work. In the end he threw up the situation in disgust. His surplus earnings went towards the purchase of a stock of alphabet cards and a grip sack. Away he went peddling, but the vanity of human hopes soon found another illustration. People failed to buy readily. Money followed not according to the rosyate dreams into the hungry pocket, but much the other way. Hotel bills and railroad fares absorbed the little earnings. He was discouraged, and threw up the business. He was now far from home and penniless. Then began a life of dishonest shiftlessness and beggary. Often he was kicked out of hotels and put off from the cars. Amidst the trials of this hard life his thoughts reverted to the situation and good wages which he had so foolishly left. At last, like the prodigal son, he resolved to return, and was furnished free transportation. His experience will be worth something to those young men who have had any thought of following the same disreputable business.—*REV. A. W. MANN, in the Advocate*.

## A PRIZE.

In a competition of designs for wall-papers, in London, England, the first prize (divided between a lady and himself) was secured by Harry Ash, a deaf and dumb youth, of London, only seventeen years of age. The two designs he sent in are described as "strikingly original."

## BEVERLY.

DEAF-MUTE FAIR.—The School for Deaf-Mutes situated on Elliot street, Beverly, has made arrangements for holding a fair and exhibition at the Beverly Town Hall on the 29th and 30th of this month. This school is doing a good work in educating a class of persons, who, without an education, are completely isolated from the rest of the world and almost helpless as far as earning a living and supporting themselves are concerned. The good results of an education are more visible in deaf-mutes than in any other class of people; from utter mental darkness, they gradually emerge into the light of knowledge, learning enough to express their wants and ideas in written language and to master a trade, whereby they are rendered self-supporting, intelligent members of society. From a position of helpless dependence upon their friends or the public, they are put into a position to raise families and to contribute to the general wealth and knowledge. Within the past year, the above-named school has given the benefits of an education to about twenty deaf and dumb children from adjoining towns, and the number of applicants is increasing; but from want of proper accommodations many have to wait for admission. It is for this purpose that those in charge of the school appeal to the public in their coming fair and exhibition, to lend a helping hand to an object worthy of their highest commendation. The tickets and programs of the fair and exhibition are out, and if their authorized agent, Mr. Samuel Hamilton, comes to sell them, let every one who is kindly disposed, buy one or more. The public will find many good things for sale on the tables, and the exhibition of the pupils will prove of more than ordinary interest. The fair will be open both afternoon and evening. The prices of tickets are put very low; single tickets 15 cents; season 25 cents. Any donations in money or articles for the fair will be gladly accepted. It is to be hoped that many of our readers, who are liberally disposed, will contribute something to so worthy an object. All articles intended for the fair should be sent to the school on Elliot street, Ball side, or to the Town Hall, on the first day of the fair. Address by mail to Wm. R. Swett, Supt. School for Deaf-Mutes.

"Columbus" visited Indianapolis last week. His many friends were delighted to see him.

"A Pittsburg" must send real name in order to insure publication of his letter.

The Boston and Lowell mutes will hold a picnic in July, providing they can agree upon a day suitable to both.

Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald has partly recovered from her serious illness, and has gone to spend the summer at Nantucket, Mass.

Miss Bella Flagg is considering whether to attend the Empire State Convention or the one to be held in Lewiston, Me.

Mrs. George Homer called on Mr. Albert C. Hargrave last week, and enjoyed looking through the greenhouse and at the flowers.

The graduating class at the Illinois Institution consisted of ten young men and two young women. John M. Hartley delivered the salutatory.

Alex. Deszendorf, of Brooklyn, would like to know the address of Miss Emma K. Robinson, of Philadelphia. His address is No. 455 Hudson Ave., Brooklyn.

Lars M. Larson has sent Prof. Emery, of Chicago, word that he and ten college students will honor him with a visit on the 23d. A party will be held at the house of the Emerys.

The brother-in-law of N. B. Fletcher, of Heron Lake, Minn., sold his hotel on the 7th of June, and it is likely that Mr. Fletcher will go to Oregon or Washington Territory in the fall.

Joseph Gawen, a deaf and dumb sculptor of London, Eng., has executed a marble bust of the Prince of Wales. It was on exhibition at the meeting of the Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb on May 10th.

Mrs. G. P. Knapp nee Gertrude B. Smith is living in Bradford County, Pa. She lost her hearing when eight years old, and afterwards went to the Philadelphia Institution. Her husband is a deaf-mute, having become deaf at the age of three years.

Mr. Albert C. Hargrave, Mr. Goldsmith, his little girl, and Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, are going to leave Boston for Bangor. He and all expect the latter go to Camden, as guests of Mr. Alden on the first day of next July. Mr. Goldsmith will hold services in Bangor before the mutes on the third day of July, as Mr. Hargrave can attend. Mr. Hargrave will leave Bangor for Bucksport after visiting about 4 days. Then he will go to Bluehill, Me., by Stage from Bucksport, where he will spend the summer.

Mrs. Follette gave a very interesting discourse on Sunday, June 12th. This makes her fourth service. Her text was: "In the day of adversity, consider." There was a large attendance of mutes and their hearing friends—the writer noticed Rev. Farnham, Pastor of the church, came in where Mrs. Follette was and shook hands with her, and invited her to use the other large room with the platform and two pulpits, she thanked him, and thought that little vestry would do. She has received words of approval from several prominent ministers, and they wished her to stick to her good work. The mutes are much encouraged, as they have not had any worship in Providence for a year and a half. Mrs. Follette's style of preaching was good, clear and attractive. God bless her and grant that she may continue in her interesting work.

## Thomas H. Gallaudet.

Of all the men whom the world calls great, who is more worthy to be honored than T. H. Gallaudet? People unacquainted with his labors, will ask, "Who was he?" True, he was neither a statesman nor a soldier; yet to the deaf-mutes of America he was a second Messiah. How little does the outside world think of him! How little was he honored or known during life except by the class to whom he devoted himself; and yet how many noble institutions scattered over the broad United States remain everlasting monuments of his labors in the cause of deaf-mute education! From the day he met Little Alice Cogswell, he was determined to do something for the deaf and dumb, at that time little better off than brutes, without schools or any method of instruction, in a state of spiritual and mental weakness from which, however, they were soon to be aroused by the establishment of the Hartford Institution, which enjoys the proud distinction of being the first public school for the deaf and dumb ever opened in America. With what opposition did his philanthropic efforts meet! How often did he meet rebuffs, and yet in how patient and christianlike a manner did he bear them, never severing from the great object he had in view.

Not content with establishing a school for their instruction, he devoted himself to their special welfare. He unfolded to their darkened minds the mystery of the creation, and in every way tried while instructing their minds to draw their hearts to God. What could be more noble or self-sacrificing than this, and he at that time being a young man, a college graduate, with a bright career before him, yet he sacrificed all to the interests of the deaf and dumb. What man next do the Abbe d'Epée is more entitled to their eternal gratitude. And has he not it? We answer, Certainly, he has. Although he has now long since been dead he is not forgotten. "The good he did lives after him," and the memory of what he did for us will always live in the hearts of the deaf-mutes of America. PHEDRUS.

## FANWOOD.

FANWOOD, June 15, 1881.

## CINCINNATI PICNIC.

The Anderson Deaf-Mute Society will picnic at Highland House next Thursday June 30th. Take street cars via Eden Park Railway and Bay-miller and 6th street Rail roads.

# PHILADELPHIA.

Young Men's Christian Association Chronicle.

## LITERARY EXERCISES

Very gloomy weather. The eclipse of the moon was visible last Saturday night in the city.

It is expected that our Lyceum will be adjourned on the first Wednesday of next month, until the first week of September next.

Some members are highly pleased to hear that John Carlin, Esq., will deliver an oration in the Convention at Harrisburgh next August, as they hope the Convention will be really successful.

## LITERARY EXERCISES.

Last Wednesday evening (June 15th), there was a good number of mutes in attendance to witness the programme at the Literary Meeting of the Chirological Lyceum of the Y. M. C. A., held in the Board of Manager's old parlor (4th floor) in the Association, as follows: 1. Poetical Reading, by the writer "Give me three grains of corn, Mother!"—an interesting piece of poetry; 2. Criticism, by Mr. Wilson; 3. Historical Sketch of Christopher Columbus, by Mr. Stubbs; 4. Essay, by Mr. J. D. Zeigler, who selected "Beauty" as his topic; 5. A Dialogue, by Messrs. Oakes and Bruthi, entitled "Wm. Tell and Herman Giesler"—a good one; and a debate: Resolved; That Celibacy is more conducive to happiness than Matrimony. Upon the Affirmative side, Messrs. Sharrar and Lewis discussed the question and Mrs. Paul and the writer attended to the interest of the Negative, which the latter was fairly adjudged in favor of by a set of three judges. The Arguments on both sides were listened to closely by the audience. The Literary exercises were appreciated very much.

On that occasion, the writer has been elected as a delegate by the Lyceum to represent the Lyceum at the convention at Harrisburgh next August. The writer will be very glad to meet his classmates and school fellows at Harrisburgh this summer.

More news after a while. Adieu. WM. H. LIPSETT.

## BEVERLY NOTES.

For the benefit of such persons as have made inquiries concerning the programme of the Exhibition of the Beverly School, the following is given:—

## PROGRAMME.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28. EXHIBITION OF PUPILS; Afternoon and evening. AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME, by a pupil in the evening.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 29. THE "NEGRO AND THE WATERMELON," in signs, by one of the pupils. "NOW I LAY ME," in signs, by one of the little girls.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, by another little girl.

The Town Hall will be open both Afternoon and Evening.

Single Tickets, 15 Cents. Season Tickets, 25 Cents.

In answer to the repeated inquiry as to which day would be the best to attend, for those of an educational turn of mind, the first day would seem to be the best, but for those who would like to witness the pretty graces of childhood's efforts at declamation, the second day would seem to offer the most attractions.

The following was clipped from the *Salem Gazette*, of the 14th inst: "Alden F. Osgood, of Natick, Mr. and Mrs. Homer and George A. Holmes, it is reported, will attend the Fair and Exhibition of the Beverly School."

The fine sail boat, owned in part by John Bowden, of Beverly, Mass., and his brother, took part in a regatta, which came off at Marblehead, on the 17th inst., won the first prize of its class. The finish was witnessed from a carriage on the neck by Mr. Bowden, Harry White and Samuel Cross, of Beverly. The boat, which is named "Suez," has the reputation of being a swift thing of life on the water. This is her fifth victory in a regatta.

A notice of the Fair of the Beverly School was given in all the leading churches of the town, last Sunday. The people are interested in the success of the School.

Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, stopped at the Beverly School last Saturday and Sunday. On the latter day, he took the train for Lynn, for the purpose of awakening the interest of the increasing number of deaf-mutes there, in religion. There are known to be fifteen living there. Mr. Rowe returned to the school in the evening, in time to take part in the prayer meeting, which was well attended. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Hamilton also took part. Mr. Rowe reported that he met with encouraging success in his efforts at Lynn, the mutes residing there being anxious to hold regular services, and asked his assistance, which he gladly promised. On the Sunday before last, Rev. Mr. Wellwood conducted an interesting service at the School for Deaf-Mutes, at Beverly, Mass., the same being interpreted in signs to the mutes present. Rev. Mr. Wellwood, has much influence with the wealthy residents of Beverly Farms, and is one of the warmest friends of the School.

# FANWOOD

## The "Grind."

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The examinations are now a thing of the past. The first of the pupils to be examined were those at the Tarrytown Branch, who were examined by Mr. Raymond, the editor of the *Tarrytown Argus*, assisted by Dr. Peet, on Wednesday, the 15th. The classes at Fanwood and at the Mansion House "went through the mill" on the following day. The examinations of all the classes, except the drawing class, under Miss C. V. Hagadorn, and the articulation classes, under the charge of Miss Toles, were completed on Thursday. This was owing to the number of examiners which were larger than for the past few years.

Prof. M. Churchill examined the High Class. The examination lasted from 9 a.m. to 12 m., and from one to half past four in the afternoon.

Rev. G. H. Payson examined Prof. Currier's class in the morning, but as the examination could not be completed in that time, it was continued in the afternoon.

The first division of Prof. Clarke's class was examined by Rev. S. H. Weston, D.D., who also examined the second division at the Mansion House. Mr. T. Peet examined both divisions of Miss Esign's classes.

Mr. John Carlin, the well-known deaf-mute artist, examined Mr. Gamage's classes, and the first division of Mr. Reeves.

Mr. Jones' classes were examined by Rev. Dr. G. Draper.

Messrs. Lloyd's and Mann's classes by Rev. John Chamberlain.

Miss Toles and the second division of Mr. Reeves' by Mr. A. T. Brown. Rev. Dr. Crane examined Mr. Clarke's second division, Miss C. L. Clarke's, Miss Montgomery's classes, and Mrs. E. H. Currier, Miss Meigs' classes.

The next day—Friday—the "Art Department" was examined by Mr. A. Bullin, a former pupil, and Miss Toles' Articulation Classes by Prof. E. H. Currier, who also examined the First Division at the Mansion House.

During the examinations, Mrs. M. G. Riggs and fourteen of her young lady pupils, from her school at Rutherford, N. J., Miss Trask, teacher of Articulation in the Illinois Institution, and Miss Odgen, teacher of Articulation in the Tennessee Institution, went through the class rooms.

The number of pupils who receive eight-year diplomas this year, is twenty-six. The following are their autographs: Misses J. Barnard, A. Berley, N. Dates, F. Munch, M. Palmatier, A. Rycraft, W. Sitterly, J. Williams, M. Woodruff, and Messrs. Chas. A. Adkins, A. H. Bonsfield, A. Capelli, James Clark, W. C. Childs, James Gallagher, F. W. Ho-witt, J. Miller, C. F. Montgomery, H. Schanck, Wm. M. Schenck, H. Seelig, D. Sullivan, A. L. Thomas, E. E. Van Anken, and T. Winn.

High Class diplomas will be given to Misses H. Kevitt and I. L. Lehigh, and Messrs. John F. O'Brien, C. W. Hathaway, John H. Dundon, John H. Dobbs, R. Herriek, W. A. Gordon, and C. Q. Mann.

During the examination, Mr. Alfred Emmons, one of last year's graduates, visited the Institution. He brought with him a large crayon portrait of Rev. Dr. S. H. Weston, D.D., which he had drawn. The picture is one of the finest specimens of free-hand drawing we have ever seen. It was shown to all the officers and pupils and they pronounced it as perfectly life-like, and recognized the subject of the sketch at the first glance.

On the evening of Sunday, the 19th, those pupils who are to graduate, made parting addresses, expressing their regret at leaving their *Alma Mater*, and hoping to reflect credit on her by their success in life. "Excel-sior" is their motto. After that, Mr. Jones gave them some advice.

Prof. Jenkins invited the members of his class to his home, Monday evening. A very pleasant time was passed. HEN QUILL.

## Letter from England.

EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL: Sir—You will be pleased to hear that Mr. Jacques Loew called on me soon after his arrival in London. We had a very pleasant time together, although his visit was very short. I was very much interested to learn from him about the deaf-mutes in New York and other places. I hope to pay your country a flying visit some day. Mr. Loew has just gone to the continent and promises to repeat his visit here on his return. He has given me a few copies of your JOURNAL, and I will try and get a few subscribers for you.

I have still a pleasant recollection of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Gallaudet and Miss Walter at our Lecture Hall on Oxford Street, last Autumn. Most Respectfully, S. BRIGHT LUCAS.

LONDON, June 6, 1881.

Mr. Albert C. Hargrave is a First Class Chair-maker in East Boston, and Mr. Keniston, of Everett, is an old experienced chair and cabinet maker in Boston. Mr. Edward Duran is not a cabinet maker, but a glazier in the shop of Messrs. Bondwell, Anderson and Co. Hargrave does not work for them, but for Mr. Charles Prout, of Boston.

# EMPIRE STATE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

The Ninth Biennial Reunion of the above named Association will be held in the City Opera House of Utica, on the 31st of August and the 1st of September, 1881.

The meeting of the first day will be opened at 9 o'clock with prayer and an address of welcome by the Mayor of Utica. Following these in order, will be the President's address and the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports.

The afternoon session will begin at 2 o'clock, and an oration will be delivered by Mr. J. H. Eddy, of the Rome Deaf-Mute Institution. Addresses from distinguished gentlemen, such as Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Prof. E. B. Nelson, of the Rome Institution, Prof. Z. F. Westervelt, of the Rochester Institution, Rev. Job Turner, and others, are expected. The addresses and proceedings of the meetings will be interpreted for the benefit of hearing people present.

The morning service of the second day will begin at 9:30. Papers on different subjects relating to the deaf and dumb, written by prominent deaf-mutes, will be read. (We hope there will

Correspondence.  
[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

## COLLECT CHRONICLE

### Opening the Natatorium

### GRADUATING BALL.

### Closing Examination.

### VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Thursday afternoon, marked the opening of the swimming pool, situated upon the ground floor of the gymnasium. According to previous arrangements, those students who are experienced divers assembled at half past three, and after donning bathing costumes formed a line on the brink of the pool. Then the professors took their places, and at a given signal, Splash! Splutter!! and the natatorium was invaded. Such fun as that afternoon witnessed it would be difficult to describe, but at any rate, there was plenty of it. Since the hour of opening, the students have been regular in attendance, and take great pride in the beauty of their new bath room. The usual time for bathing is from 3:30 to 5 p.m., when a large crowd is present. The regulations allow plunges before breakfast, another before going to bed, while the long swim is taken late in the afternoon. On Sundays, it will be opened for a quiet plunge between the hours of seven and nine in the evening. We intend to give a full description of the new building at some future time. At present, we need only say concerning the swimming pool, that its dimensions are 40 feet long by 26 feet wide. This gives an average of 20,250 gallons of water for bathing purposes.

### THE GRADUATING BALL

a success worthy of being remembered, are going along without interruption. President Gallaudet and the other members of the Faculty manifest great interest in the affair, which is only equalled by that shown by the undergraduates. The affair will be on a grand scale. Supper for one hundred has been ordered from a noted caterer. Music has been engaged for the occasion, and the fair sex promise to be present in encouraging numbers. There is, therefore, nothing to mar our anticipations for a complete success, and we can predict that the class of '81 will receive a brilliant as well as pleasant send-off. The exercises will open in the afternoon with a lawn party, which will continue until half past seven. The ball opens at eight o'clock in the gymnasium, the main hall of which is peculiarly adapted for such a purpose. One thing is certain and that is Old Kendall will present a glorious appearance on Tuesday evening next. But to day, most of us are thinking of something else, that is we are obliged to turn our thoughts into other channels. Our

### CLOSING EXAMINATIONS

opened this morning, every class being engaged in the delightful (?) task of trying to make out what the Professors are driving at. Smiling faces prove that many have managed to discover the right thing, and of course they are happy. But it is not all over yet. As I write, the Seniors and Juniors are investigating the mysteries of some German authors, and I suppose they think it pleasant. However, it is rather a warm day for perusing German stories, but this cannot be helped. When to-day's work is finished, we will have a short respite till Monday, when the boring will be resumed and will probably be completed by Tuesday noon, giving us time to dress for the lawn party. This leaves us in good spirits and wishing that Tuesday was here.

### GOOD BYE!

Have you passed? Messrs. Cook and Mills were the first to leave.

Mr. Downing, of the Minnesota Institution, is among us. The new pavement is a great convenience.

Eighty-one has adopted "Totus in illis" as its motto, and a very good one it is.

The Primary Department closed its session yesterday. To-day the young 'uns leave for home.

The Sunday-School concert last Sunday was conducted by the Senior class, who carried out a very fine programme. A charity collection was taken up.

The grounds surrounding the Gymnasium are being arranged into grass-plots, and will set off the buildings to advantage when completed.

Trunks are being taken down from the garret and brushed up, preparatory to the summer jaunt.

LESTER MONTROSE.

June 17, '81.

### "COLUMBUS."

THE ANNUAL CLOSING EXERCISES AT THE OHIO INSTITUTION—PROGRAMME AND LIST OF GRADUATES—THE VALEDICTORY AND ADDRESSES OF GEN. JONES AND SUPT. PERRY—NOTES—HOMEWARD BOUND.

The graduating exercises took place on Tuesday afternoon, commencing promptly at 2:30 o'clock, with Gen. Jones, of the Board of Trustees as master of ceremonies. The day was as beautiful as could be desired, the heavy shower of rain and hail the afternoon previous having cooled the atmosphere sufficiently to make confinement in the chapel comfortable. There was an unusually large number of visitors in attendance, filling every seat in the chapel.

The stage presented quite an attractive appearance, covered with plants and flowers, and there were seated upon it Messrs. Sessions and Jones of the Board of Trustees, officers and teachers. Supt. Perry did the interpreting for both sign and spoken language.

Rev. F. W. Ganssahls, a young and popular minister of this city, opened the exercises with a brief and eloquent prayer, and then the programme was carried out as follows:

Salutatory, with oration, "Social Effects of the Crusades," by J. Mott Woolley, of Hamilton county; Recitation, "Ohi's Pilgrim Band," (Cist.), by Miss Ella B. Morgan, of Montgomery county; Oration, "Mahomet," by Frederic Wilson, of Warren county; Recitation, "Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds!" by Miss Caroline Judy, of Union county; Oration, "Successful Folks," by Henry Bardes, of Hamilton county; Recitation, "Bring Flowers!" (Mrs. Hemans), by Miss Emma E. Gray, of Lucas county; Essay, "Let Girls be Girls," by Miss Jessie U. Sawhill, of Coshocton county; Declaration, "Labor," by Joseph Rhode, of Hardin county; Oration, "King Sham," with Valedictory, by Otis Vance, of Hamilton county; Giving of Testimonials and Certificates, Conferring of Diplomas; Hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," by lady graduates, Misses Woolley, Fogle, Locke and Saylor; Planting of the class ivy; Dismissal.

Mr. Woolley's salutatory was a happy effort and did much credit to him. The recitation, "Tell Me Ye Winged Winds," was rendered with charming grace and won a hearty applause from the audience.

Mr. Rhode delivered his declamation "Labor," in a manner bold and eloquent. The essay, "Let Girls be Girls," by Miss Sawhill, was a good one and we hope to have it printed in the Journal, as also the oration "King Sham," by Mr. Vance, whose Valedictory was as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD.—To-day ends the connection with this Institution of a class which has been under its roof for years. Your kind care and patronage have made us look upon you as true friends of the deaf-mutes and we gratefully bid you farewell. Deeply appreciating your endeavors for our welfare in the past, we hope that you may be long continued in your noble trust, and that in the lasting gratitude of your wards you may find in full measure the most fitting recompense. Again farewell.

RESPECTED SUPERINTENDENT, TEACHERS AND OFFICERS: It has been a long time since we came under your charge. You have proved yourself well fitted to the trust. You have watched with us in sickness, and comforted us in sorrow, and now when the time has come for us to part from you, we feel as if we were taking leave of tried friends. In future years, when others fill the places we have occupied, we will look back with fond recollection upon those who trained our youthful feet to meet the rough paths of the world. Farewell.

DEAR SCHOLMATES: We are now gathered here for the last time. Many of you will return to these halls, but when you meet again, we of '81 will be scattered far and wide, but we hope you will always have a kind thought for those who have shared your joys and griefs for all these years. Your turn will come to leave this roof and meet the toil and trouble of the world and we hope you may be able to pass through them successfully and be able to show a clean Roll of Honor here and hereafter. Farewell.

LOVED CLASSMATES: We have been closest companions and friends for years. More than mere classmates, we have been brothers and sisters. Of all the persons here assembled, there are none whom we will remember with anger in our hearts, but those of whom we will love most and think of most will be those who are members of "our class," the class of '81. Our years here have been peaceful and free from care, but in the rough world we will meet with trouble and sorrow. Let us not shrink from them. Others who have gone before us have succeeded, and we can do likewise. It is true that we must now part, but let us hope that we may meet again in the happy land.

"Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest."

God be with you and guide you. Farewell!

The ladies were all dressed in handsome costumes, and made a beautiful appearance on the stage.

"Nearer my God, to Thee," rendered in concert by four of the young lady graduates, was quite well performed, though we have seen it done with better effect.

Following is a full list of the graduates:

In Academic Course—Otis Vance,

Henry Bardes and J. Mott Woolley, Hamilton county; Frederic Wilson, Warren county; Miss Jessie U. Sawhill, Coshocton county.

In Regular Course—Jacob Rode, Hardin county; Miss Ella B. Morgan, Montgomery county; Miss Caroline Judy, Union county; Miss Emma E. Gray, Lucas county; Miss Annie E. Fogle, Summit county; Miss Mary L. Woolley, Hamilton county; Miss Oriella E. Saylor, Hardin county; Miss Ollie Locke, Preble county; George Klein, Ross county; Augustus Boos, Hamilton county.

In Grammar Course—John W. Mackey, Hamilton county; Thomas M. Johnson, Highland county.

In Primary Course—Miss Anna M. Eyr, Erie county; Daniel M. Schuff, Galia county.

After the regular exercises were over, Supt. Perry presented testimonials and certificates to those of the pupils who, during the year, had rendered service to the Institution in the way of monitors, chapel sextons and letter carriers. The testimonials consist of handsome books.

Gen. M. S. Jones, one of the Trustees before presenting the diplomas to the class, addressed the audience briefly. He referred to the fact that two years ago, Professor Fay, who had been there a long time and grown up with the Institution, had given the Board notice of his intention to leave.

The feelings of the members of the Board on receiving that announcement could not be described, as they realized how difficult it was to secure talent for the special kind of work there to be done. They began to look around, and finally found Superintendent Perry, and they now felt like congratulating themselves and the State on what the Superintendent had accomplished in his new position. One half of the Trustees he returned thanks to the teachers and all connected with the Institution, saying that they were perfectly satisfied with the work and the flourishing condition of the institution. He congratulated the pupils on the close of the term when all could return home and spend their vacation in a pleasant manner. He congratulated the class on what the members of it had accomplished, and said that they would go forth a credit to the Institution and carry with them the best wishes of all for their success. They would have much of storm and some sunshine, but they should be diligent and truthful and they would surely succeed.

He then presented the diplomas, after which Superintendent Perry addressed the class as follows:

"YOUNG FRIENDS, GRADUATES OF 1881.—You have already been addressed in terms of honest praise for the evidences of advancement which you have this afternoon given us. Your programme lengths to its close, and now before we leave this hall it only remains for me, in behalf of teachers and officers, to say in fewest words—farewell. We have seen you expand under the fostering care of our noble State, from childhood—timid and clinging—into blooming womanhood, into manhood, stalwart and self-reliant. We shall miss you at our fall re-assembling in many ways, in many places. Yet why should we bid you adieu? Society needs your trained hands, your winning graces. We return you to its keeping assured that it will make room for you, or rather you will hold a place for yourselves, for society as well as nature, abhors a vacuum, and for neither empty heads nor idle hands shall space be found. We shall wait patiently to hear of your welfare as 'successful folk;' and while we bid you be of good courage, and our best wishes follow you, we charge you to look from self away to the sustaining hand and the unfailing word of the great teacher. Farewell!"

The audience then filed out of the chapel to the south-east corner of the main building, where the exercises of planting the class ivy took place.

Before proceeding to the task Mr. Fred Wilson addressed his associates as follows:

"DEAR CLASSMATES.—To-day we gather here for the last time. The years of our school life are completed. And let us plant this ivy before we depart. As year by year it climbs these towering walls in its steady growth, may its greenness abide as it stretches forth its living mantle in witness of our love for Alma Mater. As this clinging vine surmounts the masonry, and aided by the dews of night, the rains and the sun of summer strengthen its clasps to resist the blasts of winter, so may we, aspiring to higher things in life, grow stronger day by day "to dare and maintain." Let us forget not this ivy when we are far away. Let this ivy keep fresh our memories in the hearts we leave behind us. Farewell!"

The planting of the ivy was then begun by each member of the class in turn shoveling mother earth around it, hand shaking all around, and the exercises were completed.

Rev. Ganssahls pronounced the benediction. Superintendent Perry then in a few words announced the school year for 1880-81 ended.

The rest of the afternoon and evening was spent by the pupils in mingling with each other, having a good time generally and bidding goodbye. A number of them left on the 1:45 a.m. Cleveland train, and by six a.m. more than half had bidden the Institution goodbye and were speeding homeward as fast as the "iron horse" could carry them away. We among the number, and here we are in the chief city of the "Hoosiers" taking in the sights. But of this place more anon.

NOTES.

Quite a number of former pupils

were visiting the Institution during the last few days of school. In addition to those mentioned in last letter we noticed Messrs. Miller, Stebleton, Neuner, Shoemaker, Morris and Miss Hallie Holland.

Boquets at the Commencement exercises were unusually rare this year. Miss Morgan being the only one to receive a floral tribute and this was a basket of real beautiful flowers. Messrs. Rode and Vance acted sensibly in not going to any expense for extra clothes for graduation. Their Sunday wear answered the purpose just as well.

The Standard reached by the 1st Academic Class at the June Examination this year is higher than it has been for many years. The highest average being 8.68 and there were 4 in the same grade. The answers to the questions were all well written, and their neatness and exactness were subjects for remarks. The class was taught from January last by Mr. Robert Patterson, a deaf-mute himself, and he has just reason to feel gratified at his success. Another fact—it disproves entirely the oft-repeated assertion that deaf-mutes are not competent to instruct the "higher" classes of our institutions.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson left Wednesday morning for Churchhill, O., the home of the former, where they will spend the summer.

COLUMBUS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., 6-17-81.

### N. Y. INSTITUTION DEAF AND DUMB.

ANNUAL EXAMINATION OF PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

(From the Tarrytown Argus, June 18.)

It was the privilege and pleasure of the writer to be present at the annual examination exercises of the Primary Department, of the N. Y. Institution for Deaf and Dumb, at the late Hoge place, near Tarrytown, on Wednesday last, and some account of it, as evidence of the faithful work which is there being done, we are convinced will be of interest to the public. This Department is under the charge of Miss L. C. Rice, and Mr. C. W. Van Tassel, the latter a deaf-mute, assisted by Miss Lizzie Mitchell, teacher of articulation. As our readers know, the Hoge mansion, beautifully located on the banks of the Hudson, has been fitted up for occupancy for this purpose. The school rooms afford accommodations for fifty pupils, and forty-six were present at the examination.

Dr. Peet, the able Principal of the Institution, was present at the examination, and it was conducted by him mainly in person. Professor Van Tassel's school room was first visited, all there were found twenty-six boys, from six to eleven years of age, divided in two classes, according to the time they had been under instruction. And right here we will state that they were as bright and happy and interesting a group of boys as can be found in any of our public schools.

In looking about the room it was noticed that the blackboards were covered with original drawings by the pupils, and they eagerly watched Dr. Peet as he passed around examining their work. Here and there a word of approval brought happy expressions to many faces, and his signs of commendation met with quick response. Then followed the more technical examination of each class, and every member of the school, in the course of instruction which had been imparted to them. Of necessity the method adopted is largely object teaching, especially the first steps taken. The black board comes into constant requisition, and the facility with which even the youngest pupils will follow the directions so given, and answer questions so presented, is wonderful to behold. They engaged in their several tasks with a zeal and alacrity that indicated a desire to learn and to excel, quite remarkable.

Nearly two hours were spent in Mr. Van Tassel's school room, most pleasantly. And en passant we would remark, that the evidence of his thorough efficient and painstaking work as a teacher were apparent in every exercise, and in the conduct of every pupil. Such faithful service deserves the highest commendation.

One of the prettiest sights of the day was when the little fellows filed out in front with their white bibs and tuckers, and so passed into the dining room, where an appetizing dinner awaited them. Everywhere was evident kind and tender care, and ample provision for their comfort and welfare.

After dinner Miss Rice's school room, containing the more advanced pupils, from eight to fifteen years of age, was visited. Exercises of a similar character, requiring more thought, and practice, were there performed by the school in a manner which elicited high praise from all present. The drill included some questions in mental arithmetic and examples in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and enumeration. Some queries not in the curriculum especially excited the interest of the pupils, and their gratification at being able to solve them was unbounded. Miss Rice has long been connected with the Institution, and well deserves all the confidence and trust that is reposed in her in the responsible station which she fills.

We next had the pleasure of witnessing an examination of the pupils in the exercise of articulation under direction of Miss Lizzie Mitchell, who had charge of that department of instruction. The Bell system is used by her, and considering that the class has had only three months' drill, the result is certainly very encouraging as well as surprising. Hereafter all the pupils of the Institution will receive instruction in articulation.

We can only give unstinted praise to everything about the school. Not only are the physical wants of the pupils well cared for, and the best helps to an education given them, but their moral and religious susceptibilities are quickened and the germs of truth implanted in their minds and hearts. They are taught to love and worship God, and to reverence His Word. Their silent signs of prayer are more touching than any words of speech that can be spoken.

Dr. Peet seemed to know each pupil, and has a happy faculty of making each one feel he has a personal interest in him. The enthusiasm and simplicity with which he engages in the most common duties of his high station are but the marks of genius in a most engaging and gifted man. His consecration of all his talents to such a life-work bears blessed fruitage of good to thousands of the unfortunate who so come under his care. The day so spent in his company was one of high privilege, and we came away from the Institution feeling that it was good to have been there.

Synopsis of Closing Sermon at the New York Institution, by ISAAC LEWIS PEET, LL.D., PRINCIPAL. (PSALM XXIII.—6.)

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

These words of the psalmist are a recognition of the loving kindness and tender mercy of God, based upon a recital of what God has done for him in the past, and express a determination to serve him faithfully in the future.

What language more appropriate for you, who, on this closing Sabbath of the year, find yourselves standing on the threshold of life?

As you reflect upon the days gone by, you can not help thinking of the blessings you have enjoyed. Your Heavenly Father has been very good to you. He has placed you in a beautiful world, and in a land where peace, good order and liberty, prevail. He has given you kind parents, sympathizing friends and the prospect of usefulness and happiness. He has supplied you with everything you need, both for the body and the mind.

Heretofore, you have been in training for the part you are to take in the great world into which you are to enter. Your health has been cared for. Your habits have been formed by wise regulations and careful supervision. You have been surrounded by beneficial influences. Your hands have been educated to skill in labor.

Your minds have been brought under subjection to your wills and given the power of thought, understanding and expression. The key to all knowledge has been placed in your hands, and deafness is no longer a locked door, shutting you out from the treasures which have been accumulated in this age of learning.

Your hearts have been attuned to the sentiment of love toward God and man. Right principles have been instilled into your souls, and you have been taught God's holy laws, without which no one can live a safe and happy life. You have been brought to the feet of Jesus your Saviour and Redeemer, and have learned of him how easy it is, when the heart is right, to be good and to do good. He has opened Heaven to your view, and has given you the "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

All this has been freely given to you without money and without price; and all that has been required of you has been to do what you could, not for others but for yourselves.

Now, you are to try your powers outside of the walls of this Institution, which has thus far been the means that God has used to prepare you for the future.

Some of you are to go home for a vacation in which you will have a change of scene, a change of air, a change of enjoyment, a change of daily duty. You are to associate, for a time, not with those deaf, like yourselves upon whose lips silence has set her seal, but with those who hear and speak like the majority of mankind. Strive to enter into their life, and to understand it. Show your parents that you comprehend the spirit as well as the letter of the Fifth Commandment. Try to please them in all things. Do what they wish you to do. Make them to feel that it is a good thing to have a deaf child, who, though he does not hear man's words, does hear God's words, spoken to his heart. Do not add to their labors, but diminish them by helping them all you can. Spend part of each day in reading. Converse with others by writing when you have the opportunity. Keep up a brave and cheerful spirit. Avoid evil and evil companions. Keep the Sabbath holy. Offer prayer to God, night and morning, for his help and blessing, and thus, dwell in his House.

Others of you are to spend the vacation in the Institution, where you will have the opportunity of daily study and daily practice in the mechanical pursuits by which, hereafter, you are to earn your livelihood, and where much will be done to make your leisure hours pass pleasantly. Avail yourselves of these golden opportunities. Be obedient and affectionate, and give to those who have

charge over you, confidence in your faithfulness and increased interest in your welfare.

Others of you are to leave the Institution and carry with you all its benefits. To you I would say—This is the most important event of your lives. You are henceforward to apply practically the principles you have here been taught.

And First, and above all, you are to trust in God, who will never forsake those who rely upon his promises. This trust implies obedience, love and prayer. It excludes fear, discontent and the feeling of discouragement. It calls for courage, fortitude and energy; for it is a part of the divine policy of encouraging Christian manliness, to help those most, who, while looking to Him for guidance, try also to help themselves.

Secondly, Many of you have already, with your parents' consent, become connected with some Church of Christ. As soon as you are settled in the place where Providence opens to you a career, go to the pastor of the church which represents your belief, and tell him that you are a professing Christian and wish to become a member of his flock. You will find in him a friend who will greatly aid and comfort you. Others of you, who have not so separated from the world, should do so as soon as possible, for, from no other source can you have such human aid as the sympathy of Christian hearts can give you.

Thirdly, Let no time be passed in idleness. Find something to do and do it with your might. Be not anxious at first about compensation. That will come when you are found deserving.

Fourthly, Be always honest and truthful, and, in fact, make it your aim to keep all the Commandments of God.

Fifthly, Let it be your care to go on adding knowledge to knowledge. Read daily those books which will increase your mastery of language and your fund of information. Be thoughtful, and often express your thoughts in writing. Make yourselves interesting to others, and seek opportunities for written conversation with those kind and intelligent persons who are willing to encourage you; but do not make yourselves disagreeable by taking up their valuable time when they have not leisure to attend to you.

Sixthly, Be temperate and frugal. Avoid expensive pleasures, and when you need recreation indulge in that which, like all God's best gifts, is free to all.

Seventhly, Be benevolent. Do to others as you would have them do to you. Devote a portion of your earnings to God. You are called on particularly to help those of the deaf who are less fortunate than you, and I would especially commend to your loving assistance the Home, which has been established to support aged and infirm deaf-mutes, and to supply temporary employment and special training to those of the deaf who, through no fault of their own, have failed to secure employment for themselves.

Eighthly, Be loyal to your Alma Mater. Honor her by your good conduct and by your success. Love her for what she has done for you. Recommend the advantages she has to give to those that need them. Keep your record on her pages full by occasional letters in which each new event in your lives shall be briefly stated; and whenever you name her, name her but to praise.

And now, in the words of the Holy Apostle Paul, "I commend you to God and to the Word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

### ROME NOTES.

#### Exhibition—Finis.

It has been long since you have heard from us, but we are all alive yet, as this should prove.

Examinations commenced May 23d and were finished June 1st. It was an interesting spectacle to watch the average boy on those days digging into his head for the ideas that ought to have been there, but were not. It was interesting to observe how in the end some of the best in their respective classes came out, playing second fiddle to those half as smart as themselves, and with fifty times their own selves to thank, too, for perseverance and faithful study made all the difference. And if they do not fake heed they will play second fiddle all their lives, and for the same reason. Some of the brightest men have made the most awkward and ridiculous tumbles, by taking it for granted that their natural smartness would do in place of study and research; but it never did, only made their tumbles harder.

Mrs. Dall, the noted authoress and philanthropist, of Washington, D. C., was here for a week, visiting our principal, a friend of hers. She takes great interest in our work, and went all over the Institution, observing and inquiring about everything. She is vice-president of a society of learned and influential persons who make the interests of the unfortunate classes a study, and devise means and methods for the improvement of their condition in every way. So deaf-mutes probably come under their wings. On Sunday, the 11th, after Mr. Eddy had delivered the closing sermon of the year, Mrs. Dall took the platform, and Mr. Nelson interpreting, made a very interesting address, in the course of which she narrated how the Northampton Institute was established, partly through the great interest awakened by the perfect

lip-reading and speaking of Jennie Lippett. Mrs. Dall is about 50 years old, dresses very plainly but richly, wears spectacles. Her features are very plain, but her kind heart beams through them all, like the sun behind a fleecy cloud.

On Wednesday we had our exhibition and closing exercises. The chapel was full to overflowing, while many could not get in. The representatives of the press were in full attendance, and among them the towering form and beaming face of the omnipresent John Flanigan, of the *Utica Daily Herald*, who, by the way, gave us a handsome send-off in next day's paper.

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hammond. Then Prof. Nelson delivered his annual address. Mr. Johnson interpreting. Then Ella Randall and Harry VanAllen, two members of the High Class, took their places at the slates, and dashed off addresses of welcome to the guests. Harry made an excellent hit in saying that "After history a little to suit circumstances, and we have it. Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, Lincoln his Booth and Rome her Deaf-Mute Institution, which, unlike the others, is neither destructive nor injurious."

Then Miss Mary Sample came up and recited in graceful and expressive signs Shelley's poem "The Cloud." As we looked upon her supple circling fingers and graceful swaying form for once, at least, our ideal of the "Poetry of motion" seemed embodied before us. Then some pupils from the younger classes took the slates and illustrated the first steps. Then several of Miss Allen's pupils in articulation came forward and showed us what wonders she was accomplishing. This was a very interesting feature of the exercises and justified our highest expectations of her.

A choir of six little girls came up and recited in concert the hymn "Abide with Me," all in good time and grace.

Little Master Darrel, our smallest boy, was then boosted up and persuaded to give us some signs, at first he had a good mind to cry and kept his wee hands to his chubby face, but after peeping at us through one eye and finding encouragement, he illustrated cat, dog, pig, cow, etc., to us, to our great amusement.

The first class then took the slates, and their teacher, Mr. Chamberlain, after addressing a few explanatory remarks to the audience, gave each a different subject to write about for our edification. While they were thus occupied, Miss Ella Randall mounted the stage and recited "The Isle of Long Ago" in signs; a rare treat to us all, and beautiful as the poem was it gained new beauty and deeper meaning through her faultless rendering and sympathetic expression.

Master George Stewart then brought the barber monkey to life again and proceeded to cut his throat in that scientific and side-splitting style that tradition and repeated repetition teach.

The themes written on the slates by the first class were now read, and after a few other exercises the exhibition was closed and the school year with it.

Next "Home, sweet Home," became the grand object of our lives, and the baggage-smasher turned up and did his duty in due form.

Thursday, all the officers were occupied sending off the pupils on their several routes, and when the shades of night fell you could count all that remained on the fingers of one hand. By the time this reaches you all will be gone.

Something happened to our youngest Professor which will be longer remembered than anything else that transpired during the closing day. But tender regard for his feelings hinders my pen: May be some harder hearted man may be able to enlighten you.

Prof. Nelson and wife sail for Europe Wednesday to spend vacation. Rusticus.

### Picnic of the Clero Literary Association.

The fifth excursion of the Clero Literary Association, of Philadelphia, is to be given July 9th, at Lakeside Park, situated about twelve miles from the city, on the Camden & Atlantic R. R.

The boating on the Lake is hardly surpassed, and should alone be a sufficient inducement to tempt a large number of mutes and their friends to take part in making the affair a success.

A cordial invitation is extended to those who live outside of Philadelphia.

Boats will leave Vine Street Wharf at 7:30 and 9:45 a.m. and at 1:30 p.m. Trains will leave Coopers Point, Camden, N. J., at 8:00 a.m. and at 2:00 p.m. Returning, trains will leave the Park at 8:00 p.m.

Only a limited number of tickets (500) have been printed, and we advise all who propose to go, to send for a ticket at once and be happy. Tickets for adults, 50 cents, children, 25 cents. They are for sale by the Picnic Committee, W. R. Cullingsworth, 424 North 32d Street; Wm. McKinnon, 1245 South 17th Street; and J. T. Elwell, Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia.

### George W. Schutt's Appointments.

Scottsville, N. Y. June 5th.

Newburgh, N. Y. " 12th.

Quarryville, N. Y. " 19th.

Albany, N. Y. " 26th.

# DEAF-MUTES

## Commencement at the California Institution.

### SERIES OF INTERESTING EXERCISES.

#### List of Graduates.

(From the San Francisco Bulletin, June 8.)

The commencement exercises of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind were held at Berkeley yesterday afternoon. A large number of ladies and gentlemen from San Francisco and Oakland were present, filling the large and pleasant hall of the Institution to its utmost capacity. In the chairs and on the benches immediately in front of the stage were seated the youngest of the pupils, with smiling and animated faces. No difference between them and the older children could be seen, for there was the same love of fun and animation that is met with everywhere among the young when brought together. Those pupils who had suffered the great affliction of loss of sight were seated on either side of the platform.

Warren Wilkinson, Principal of the Institution, stated that the peculiarity of the exercises was that there was no pupil who knew that he or she would be called upon to take any part. Wilkin on then called upon the stage Masters Dobner and Ledmond and Misses Porter and Degray—all deaf-mutes. These little children were in their first year at school, and they were used to illustrate the manner in which pupils of this class are first taught.

They are taught first that certain signs represent certain objects, and are then taught to write the word. The four children on the platform stood before blackboards, and when Mr. Wilkinson made the motion of stroking a cat's back, the little ones immediately wrote "cat" upon the blackboard. The motion of calling a dog, or the representation of the sharp nose of the rat were enough to enable the children to write the desired word.

In this way, Mr. Wilkinson said, a little vocabulary of names of objects is obtained, and then they are taught the adjectives.

Mr. Wilkinson here wrote on the blackboard: "Margaret, stand on a chair." The girl named at once went to a chair and stood upon it. Then was written: "What did Margaret do?" All described the act by writing on the board, and Mr. Wilkinson called attention to the fact that the pronouns "I" and "she" were properly used.

Miss Goodrich and Callischook and Miss Tharp and Diefman, pupil of the second year, were then called to the blackboards, and Mr. Wilkinson asked some one in the audience to suggest subjects for the children to write short compositions upon. The following subjects were given: "Knife," "Watch," "Cherries," "Bird."

While they were writing, the blind pupils sang, and Katie Foley, eight years old, and who has been in the school only six months, read from raised-letter books. The delicate touch of the little fingers as they passed rapidly over the lines, was so sure and so quick that the little girl read as rapidly as she would have done had she had the use of her eyes. At the close of this exercise the children at the blackboard had finished their compositions, which Mr. Wilkinson read.

THE DEAF-MUTE BOY'S COMPOSITION ON THE "KNIFE."

The subject "Knife" was treated by one of the little boys as follows: "The knife is nice. It cannot climb up a tree. One day a man had a knife. The man cut a stick with his knife. One day it happened the knife is break. He goes to the store and buys a new knife."

THE DEAF-MUTE GIRL'S COMPOSITION ON "CHERRIES."

One of the little girls treated "Cherries" thus: "Cherries are red. I love to eat cherries. I have a cherry tree at my house. Do you like cherries? Mr. Wilkinson has cherry trees in the garden. I have often eaten cherries."

IMPROMPTU COMPOSITIONS OF OLDER PUPILS.

Mr. Wilkinson then called to the platform Miss Annie Warren and Messrs. Grady, Schoof and Kobrar, and the following subjects were given to them to write upon: Flowers, Wealth, This Institution, The American Flag. It is to be regretted that these compositions were written on blackboards, to be erased after they were read by Mr. Wilkinson, written in such a small hand that they could not be read by the audience, so that it was impossible to take copies. The productions were more than creditable to the earnestness of the pupils and the character of the instruction received. Miss Warren's essay on Flowers was particularly good, showing a poetic taste, which was made manifest in the choice selection of words and in the delicate turns of

expression. Among other subjects given were the following: Gunboat, Nihilists, State of Affairs in Ireland, Memorial Day, The last Legislature.

A DEAF-MUTE'S COMPOSITION ON CONKLING AND PLATT.

The following on "Conkling and Platt" was written by one of the young gentlemen.

"Resignation of Messrs. Conkling and Platt: I have used the term 'Messrs.' instead of the common epithet 'Hon.' because their conduct has been far from honorable. Mr. Conkling is the man and Mr. Platt is simply his tool. The senior Senator from New York tried to overlook the fact that the people elected Hon. J. A. Garfield President, and it was their will that Mr. Garfield should be President in reality as well as in name. Mr. Conkling claimed that he had a right to dictate to the President, but when he failed to make the occupant of the White House surrender his rights, he resigned his seat in the United States Senate. Mr. Garfield recognized the necessity and benefit of consulting the representatives of the people on such points as those he is ignorant of, but yet he maintains that he should be left absolutely free to exercise his rights. Mr. Conkling was particularly embittered against Judge Robertson because he bolted from Conkling's Convention, and this contributed to the rejection of the unit rule, and consequently to the nomination of General Garfield. Conkling did not like him, and endeavored to procure his rejection in the Senate as Collector. Failing in this, he instead of making a manly defeat of his rights, as he calls them, of courtesy, sent in his resignation. In his letter of resignation he expressed a hope that some one competent enough to correct any mistake of his should be chosen. Now Mr. Conkling considers himself competent enough to make up his own errors, and seeks a reelection. Strange indeed! The chances are that Mr. Conkling with his tool, Mr. Platt, will find eternal rest in a political grave. Whoever, Republican or Democrat, is opposed to bossism, will rejoice in his fall."

Exhibitions in the sign language were given, one young man telling in his way a fishing story, to the great delight of the little boys and girls who watched every movement with eager interest. Two young ladies then made the signs for individual words, as they were spelled to them by Mr. Wilkinson.

Stephen Jackson, of San Francisco, sang "The Warrior Bolt," and was heartily applauded. Miss Annie Warren and T. D'Estrella then, by pantomime, gave vivid representations of anger, fear, despair, envy, shyness, and concluded their most admirable acting with representations of the modern "swell" and "belle."

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS—PRESIDENT STANLEY'S ADDRESS.

J. A. Stanley, President of the Board of Directors, presented to the graduating class the diplomas, and made the following address, which was translated into signs by Mr. Wilkinson and fully understood by the pupils:

"It is my pleasant duty to announce that the teachers and Board of Directors of the Institution have graduated you. These pieces of parchment, however, are of little value. They are valuable, not so much as a reward of scholarship, but as an evidence that you have conducted yourselves as ladies and gentlemen. One thought is suggested by the exercises here, and I regret that I am not able to express it forcibly enough. The deaf and dumb, and the blind are regarded as afflicted. But I am convinced that you have a faculty higher than sight or hearing, namely, thought. I wish that I could express to you the value of thought which your course here is calculated to develop. I hope you will continue to cultivate this great faculty with which you are endowed."

THE GRADUATES.

The graduates, eight in number, were Annie Warren, Los Angeles; Margaret Lucas, Woodland; N. R. Harp, Vallejo; Z. W. Willetts, San Francisco—deaf and dumb. Blind Stephen Jackson and Jacob Catoir, San Francisco; Joseph C. Hodgson, Mariposa; Henry M. Nagle, Oakland. Miss Warren has passed an examination, and is entered as a student of the university.

FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Mr. Wilkinson then gave an illustration of the manner in which the countenance can be made to take the place of the tongue, and by facial expressions of different kinds he spelled words given by the audience, and which were rapidly and correctly written down by the pupils.

Miss Lucas gave Bryant's "America" in word signs, and Miss Minnie Warren rendered the Lord's Prayer.

The exercises were enlivened by selections of music rendered by the blind pupils, and by the ready solution of arithmetical problems given by persons in the audience.

Duty and Inclination.

You never see the struggle between duty and inclination more strongly marked than in the respectful attitude of a dog sitting on the sidewalk, head bent back, and one foot aimed up the back of his ear, undecided whether to spring up and answer the imperative whistle of his master, or sit still and shoot the flea he has just got the exact range and elevation on.

# CINCINNATI.

Lecture by Revs. Job Turner and Mann.

## SAD SUICIDE.

Judge Longworth.

## PICNIC MATTERS.

Personal Mention.

Rev. Job Turner, a mite missionary for the South, delivered a lecture last Friday evening at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., at the invitation of the Deaf-Mute Society. His subject was "Dangers which befall mutes." He divided dangers into several classes, viz: Physical, Law, Social, Moral etc. He gave illustrative examples of each class. One of the first class was: A deaf-mute going a distance to see his relatives, arrived at his cousin's house at midnight. He knocked at the door, and the owner asked who he was, and receiving no reply, he concluded it was a burglar, and hurled a brick-bat out of a window of an upper story at the dark object down at the door, but missed. Presently, he heard the familiar voice of the mute and let him in. Mr. Turner gave many similar examples, and advised mutes to put up at hotels instead of going alone to any house at night.

He then came to the class of "Law Dangers." He told an anecdote of Laurent Clerc. Mr. Clerc once ordered a suit of new clothes worth \$75, and when done he at once paid for it, and was presented with a receipt. Mr. C. thought the receipt was unnecessary and destroyed it. The tailor chucked, and some days afterwards presented a bill for \$75, and demanded settlement of it. Mr. C. protested and said he had paid for it. The tailor asked to see the receipt, and Mr. C. having destroyed it, could not do so, and had to pay twice for the same suit. This Mr. Turner called "the law danger," and urged the auditors to always preserve receipts. He said he had preserved all his receipts for the last twenty years, and had them bound up with a string at home. He then went on with his lecture, which provoked much laughter by his comic sayings.

Mr. Joe Goldmann moved a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Turner, which was passed. Then Goldmann wanted the hat passed around for Mr. T.'s benefit. Some one objected to it, saying that the money should be paid out of the society's treasury. But Goldmann carried his point, and the hat was passed around, Goldmann starting with two dollars. Mr. Turner left on the following day for Mayville, Ky., to fill his appointment.

Next day (Saturday) night the mutes again assembled at the same building to attend the lecture by Rev. Mr. Mann, who selected "Heroes of Truth" for his subject. He described how the twelve Apostles of Christ, and other martyrs died bravely for the truth and the Gospel. His lecture was interesting and instructive, and was well received. A vote of thanks and a dollar bill was then tendered him.

Mr. Mann filled his appointment the next day (Sunday afternoon) at the usual place of worship to a large audience.

William Dieckmann, a German mite, of New Albany, Indiana, committed suicide last week by jumping into the Ohio River. The cause was unknown, but his relatives said his mind had been deranged for a year past. He was born in Hesse, Germany, and was educated there. He came to Cincinnati some twenty years ago, and soon afterward went to New Albany, where he lived until his death. He was 56 years of age, and single, and a tailor by trade. He was a splendid German scholar, and could read and write English well.

An explosion of gas occurred at the factory of Post & Co., Ludlow, Ky., where Robert Lee and Elmer Lewis worked, two weeks ago, nearly killing a man, and scorching two others. Lee and Lewis escaped unhurt.

Frank Reiter, who had been sick some time since, is out again well.

Joe Lunning went to Louisville on an excursion Sunday before last. He did not meet any mutes there.

Mrs. Mary Alfes, nee Miss Knott, a former pupil of the Danville School, after a long time of retirement from the deaf-mute community, attended the lecture of Mr. Turner, Friday night. We were all glad to see her, and regret to notice that she has lost the sight of one of her eyes.

The writer of the item in the last issue of the JOURNAL about William Blount getting married soon is very kind. Mr. Blount has not paid attention to any particular lady, and wonders whom the writer is going to marry him to.

Mr. R. P. McGregor's Day School will close this week. They will not give a picnic this week, but, instead of it, they will have an excursion to the Zoological Gardens.

The following persons are the committee for the picnic to be given at the Highland House, by the A. L. S. Jos. H. Vance, Jos. Lunning, Chas. L. Binz, Fred Freers, Wm. Beasley, John Hahn, W. Knollman, J. F. C. Schutte, Frank Wood, Wm. Whitton,

Chas. Chamberlain, Phil Thibnes, John Barriek and L. Hannsett, which includes the whole male membership of the said society.

Col. Anderson presented the A. L. S. with a check of \$50, and the society is happy.

We noticed in the last issue of the JOURNAL that "We, Us & Co." has entered into married life. He will please accept our congratulations and wishes for a happy trip across the sea of matrimony.

The Republicans of Ohio, at their Convention at Cleveland last week, nominated Judge Nicholas Longworth of this city, for the Supreme Court of Ohio. The nomination was an excellent one, as he is not only a learned and able jurist, but he is a noble and generous man. He is very friendly to mutes. Once an ignorant mute was brought before his court (common pleas) in this city for breaking into a bank. Mr. McGregor acted as interpreter for this unfortunate mute, and Judge Longworth not only dismissed the case, but gave the poor mute \$5, telling him to buy food but no liquor. The Judge is supporting the orphan children of Price, the negro man, who was hanged for murder last year, he having promised the poor doomed man to do so, and the poor man died consoled. I hope every mute voter throughout Ohio, no matter to what party he belongs, will cast his vote for Judge Longworth, at the next October election. MFEURY.

June 15.

A Visit to Old Friends.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—After a long silence of writing for the popular JOURNAL, let me request your pleasure to allow me a small space for a few simple items concerning my last visit to Peterborough and Amherst, N. H.

Friday, May 27th. I made a pleasant visit to Peterborough, where the mute Morrisons were born and lived until their death. They entered the American Asylum in 1817. I spent one night with Wm. Sanford Wilson and his new wife—both mutes. He is a good carpenter and is now building a house for himself. His mite brother Charles works very satisfactorily to his employer in a carriage shop. Their steady and industrious example is worthy of being followed by some unsteady mutes.

Miss Sylvia Hathaway, a mute, who lived with said Morrisons' twelve years, sold one half of the house which was willed to her by Eliza Morrison when she died, and bought a comfortable cottage. She does not have to work for a living, yet she works in a factory for pleasure. The above mentioned mutes are graduates of the American Asylum.

Saturday, May 28th. I made a very enjoyable visit to my worthy friends Mr. and Mrs. George Kent. I met Mr. V. B. Wright, the Secretary of the G. S. D. M. Association on the same evening.

Memorial Sunday, May 29th. At a venerable mansion about 100 years old, a small group of persons were gathered, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Kent, Mr. V. B. Wright and myself; stormy weather prevented Mrs. David and Frank Worcester and wife from being present. Mr. David was away canvassing for the Boston society. Mr. Worcester delivered a lecture on "Duty to forsake sins and to adore Almighty God and trust in our Saviour," being very good. Mr. Wright made a few remarks about Decoration Day, which was on May 30th.

Monday, May 30th. A beautiful day for Decoration Day. I called on Mrs. John O. David and found her alone at her nice cottage. We had a very pleasant time chatting about old times. Though her health is poor, she appeared to be very happy.

Tuesday, May 31st. Mr. Kent hired a team of horses to make a visit to Amos Smith, of New Boston, 9 miles, or 1½ hour's drive, surprising Mr. Smith at dinner with five mutes, and returned at dusk—a very enjoyable ride and a view of magnificent landscapes.

It is a lucky lot for Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kent to receive daily filial attention and care from their daughter and adopted daughter.

Mr. Kent's garden looks very nice through Archibald Allison's faithful service. Mr. Geo. Kent was born April 12th, 1813, his wife August 8th, 1844. Geo. Kent and the late Thos. N. Head were born on the same day.

John O. David was born July 12th, 1813. His wife October 22d, 1816. They were married November 12th, 1840. It is a remarkable fact that Mr. and Mrs. David and Mr. and Mrs. Kent have lived together longer than any other mute couple in New Hampshire. I recollect of. Though his legs are weak, he is able to move about with some difficulty. Mr. Kent is a well-known fisher. Frank Worcester and wife live comfortably not far from Mr. Kent's mansion. Their bright boy is at the American Asylum.

Wednesday, June 1st. Nice morning. I took a reluctant leave after a very enjoyable visit to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kent, for home.

The late visit to Amherst and the use of the Mineral Spring may have benefited my health a few degrees. It is a matter of much thankfulness for my enjoyable visit and my safe return home.

August 20th, 1881, is generally agreed on for the coming meeting of our Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission, at Hooksett, N. H., in honor to the memory of the late Thomas N. Head. Rev. Job Turner is expected to eulogize him. Rev. T. Gallaudet probably will act as interpreter. Prof. T. L. Brown may be present

in part with Mr. Turner. Notice in due time will be given of railroad arrangements, reduced fares and hotel board, through the JOURNAL. New Hampshire deaf-mutes and deaf-mutes of other States, wishing to attend are requested to send notice to Thomas Brown, West Heniker, N. H., so we can arrange with railroads in due time before the meeting. To delay will be too late to accommodate those wishing to attend.

Mr. Editor, we would be glad to see you with your new wife at our meeting with Dr. Gallaudet and wife. There will be plenty of time before the Empire State Association, at Utica.

Good weather and plenty of rain gives all the crops a surprising growth.

My health is comfortable this summer, though old age is creeping on me. God speed the success of the JOURNAL, with high regards.

Yours Truly,

THOMAS BROWN.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

ON every night there lies repose. IMAGINATION is the greatest despot. THERE is no real life but cheerful life.

WANT of good sense is the worst kind of poverty. IMPATIENCE dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

LOVE without return is like a question without an answer. LOVE, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

PRIDE bath two seasons—a forward spring and an early fall.

It is best not to dispute where there is no possibility of convincing.

As a fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence.

IDEAS are like beads; men do not have them till they grow up. Voltaire. PRETTY women are like sovereigns; one flatters them only through interest.

SUSPICIONS among thoughts are like bats among birds; they ever fly by twilight.

ALWAYS there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.—Carlyle.

THE wise man as well as the fool makes blunders. The wise man, however, never makes the same blunder twice.

APPEARANCES are nothing, if you are in the right, but if you are in the wrong, you must pay especial attention to them.

No man knows what a ministering angel his wife is until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

THERE'S not a heart, however rude, But bath some little flower, To brighten up its solitude, And scent the evening hour.

PLEASURE is seldom found where it is sought. Our highest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.

THE best way to apologize is to do such a kindness to the offended one that he will forget that you ever attempted to injure him.

As man is the wisest for his learning, it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with man.

WELL, well the world must turn upon its axis, And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails, And live and die, make love and pay our taxes, And as the veering wind shifts, shifts our sails.

THE way to produce a smile on the face of nature is to plant it with seeds of flowers. Tickle nature in that way and she will laugh with blossoms. The foundation of every good government is the family. The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy families.

MANY a splendid genius was the despair of a good father when young. But all of a sudden he awoke and went into action like a soldier into battle, and made a name that will live forever.

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of one, and the weakest weapon of the other.

LOVE! what is it, and whence comes it? How much has been written about it, and how idly! Neither statement, comparison, nor analysis avails. Love is love, a thing like nothing else in the world—as real as a second sight. It alone bestows the power of seeing a hundred new truths otherwise invisible.—Michelet.

## A CHERISHED RELIC.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH PRONOUNCED AGAINST JESUS.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world, namely, that of death against the Saviour—the remarks which the JOURNAL Le Droit has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. It is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Lower Province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 23th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in Judgment in the presidential seat of the Praetors, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove:

1. Jesus is a misleader.

2. He has excited the people to sedition.

3. He is an enemy to the law.

4. He calls himself the Son of God.

5. He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel.

6. He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders from the first centurion Quirillus Cornelius to bring him to a place of execution. Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are:

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.

2. John Zorababel.

3. Raphael Robani.

4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes.

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its side are the following words:—"A similar plate has been sent to each tribe."

It was discovered in the year 1280, in the city of Aquila, in the Kingdom of Naples, by a search made for Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commission of arts in the French Army in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy, it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of arts. Demon had a fac simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet, for 2,890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt, as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those in the Gospel.

## Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

|                           |           |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| Cincinnati, O.            | June 12th |
| Sandusky, O. (convention) | " 14th    |
| Cleveland, O.             | " 19th    |
| Warren, O.                | " 26th    |
| Detroit, Mich.            | July 3d   |
| Port Huron, Mich.         | " 5th     |
| Jackson, Mich.            | " 6th     |
| Grand Rapids, Mich.       | " 7th     |
| Albion, Mich.             | " 8th     |
| Chicago, Ill.             | " 10th    |
| Freeport, Ill.            | " 11th    |
| Rockport, Ill.            | " 12th    |
| Pittsburg, Pa.            | " 17th    |
| St. Louis, Mo.            | " 24th    |
| Cleveland, O.             | " 31st    |
| Indianapolis.             | Aug. 7th  |

Other appointments may be made between any of the above, and notice be duly given by postal card.

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The TONTINE plan gives policies for from \$1000 to \$5,000, and after twenty, forty and sixty years the pension and safety funds yield \$20, \$80, and \$100, respectively in each policy of \$1000, thus affording insurance at no cost to insured in his old age, and also leaving him something over and above his assessments. The ORDINARY co-operative plan divides members into classes of 500 each, and the benefit in each death is \$2,500. The general limit of age is between 18 and 60 years. Additional particulars finished on application.

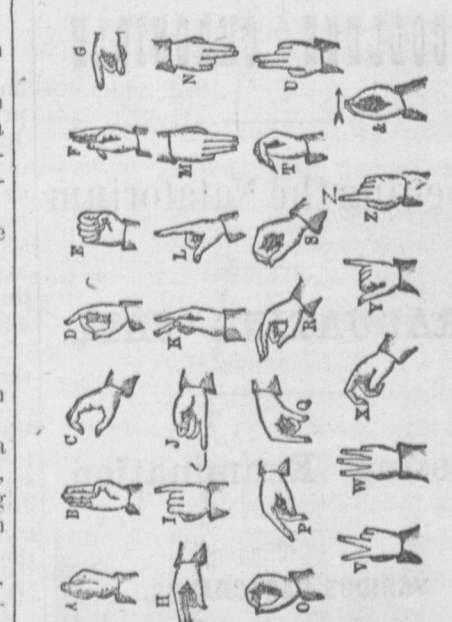
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